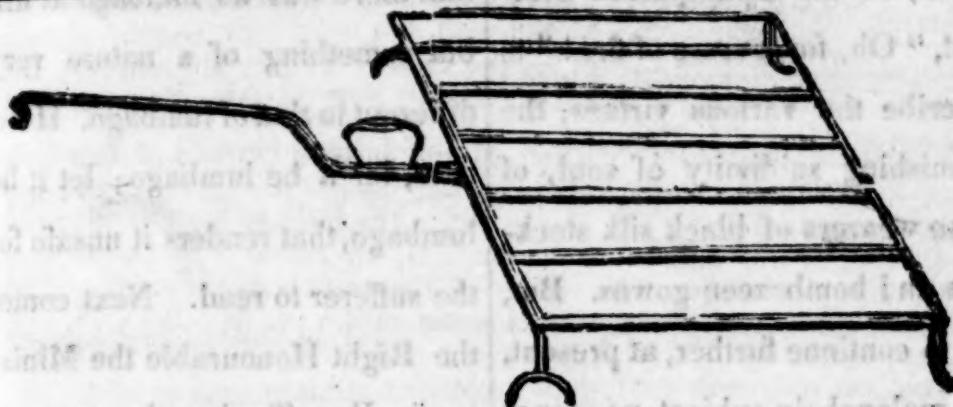


COBBETT's WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER

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"And they said, the GREAT MEN are surely slain, and they have smitten one another: now therefore MOAB to the spoil!"—2 KINGS.

THE MINISTRY.

TO THE READERS OF THE REGISTER.

Kensington, 22d March, 1827.

MY FRIENDS,

THERE is, as in the case of my motto, which, fear of being deemed profane, prevents me from calling my text; there is, as in the case referred to by the words of this my motto, a sort of slaying amongst the great men of this our "*imperial nation*." First, the great commander of all makes his last retreat; retreats not from VALENCIENNES to the HELDER, with that saucy scoundrel the printer's boy at his heels; but

from this troubled state of Old England, to another and a better world, *mourned by*, and followed by the benedictions of those whom I will not attempt to describe, because every thing I could say of them, of their sense, of their public spirit, of their respect for morals, of their gratitude, and of various other qualities belonging to them, and elicited upon this occasion: those, whom I will not attempt to describe, because these their qualities admit not of having justice done to them by a

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

pen like mine. One ought to exclaim, in the Shaksperian bombast, "Oh, for a muse of fire!" to describe the various virtues, the astonishing sublimity of soul, of these wearers of black silk stockings and bombazeen gowns. But, not to continue further, at present, this melancholy subject, no sooner was the Royal Duke gone, but a couple of Bishops seemed to have contended who should have been the first to go after him. Next came the Prime Minister; not dead indeed; not physically dead; not put under ground; but, so far "hors de combat" as not to afford us the smallest hope of his being able to guide us in future. Next came the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with, as the newspapers told us, "*a lumbago*," which was of that severe and peculiar nature, as to induce his couple of doctors to forbid him to read the despatches that came from Portugal. All the world will allow, that this must have been a most singular species of "lumbago;" or, that it was a lie

from the beginning to the end; that there was no lumbago at all, but something of a nature very different to that of lumbago. However, let it be lumbago; let it be lumbago, that renders it unsafe for the sufferer to read. Next comes the Right Honourable the Minister for Free Trade, who seems to have been smitten in a still more unaccountable and singular sort of way. Nobody seems to be *able to tell us what is the matter with him!* He attends Councils, they tell us; and they tell us too (which is well worth noticing) *that Councils attend him;* and those councils consisting, too, of Dukes, Earls, and other men of title! This Minister of Free Trade must have surprising merit of his own! Must be a creature endued with wonderful sagacity; must possess, in a singularly great degree, the capacity and the will to do good to the "*Empire*."

As to the ailments of these "Great Men;" that is to say, as to the nature of their bodily complaints and sufferings, the news-

papers tell us just what they please, or, perhaps, what the people please who have the management of the houses of the sick men. For my part, I do not believe *any* thing that we have been told about their illness; except the bare fact of their being ill. I have seen nothing to make me believe, that Lord Liverpool, for instance, has had a *paralytic stroke*; and, I do *not believe that he has had such stroke*. I saw him in the month of May last in his place in the House of Lords; and the remarks I then made, tend to strengthen my total disbelief of the present account. I told several persons what I thought of him at that time, though I do not choose to state here what those thoughts were. Then, again, there were newspaper rumours about his being indisposed during the summer and during the fall of the year. The newspapers remarked, that his Lordship seemed to be *extremely and queerly agitated*, during the time that the King was reading his Speech to

the Parliament. What, my friends, do you think was the inference which the brethren of the broad-sheet drew from this queer agitation? Why, that his Lordship was in a state of excessive anxiety about the King's reading his speech; and, carrying their inferences one step further, they concluded that his Lordship must have some *extraordinary reason* for this anxiety; and, then they broke off short, as it were with a significant nod, a cocking of the eye, and a pointing of the finger to that forehead of theirs, stored as it is with such a surprising quantity of sagacity. Certainly nothing could be more illogical than the reasoning of these brothers of the broad-sheet. Their facts might all be lies, and ten to one they were all lies; but, at any rate, if the facts were true, the reasoning was the worst that was ever heard of in the world. Now, if we put all these circumstances together; if we observe, that Lord Liverpool was ailing off and on during the summer and fall; if we observe, that

he was reported to have been ill, and was recently absent from the House of Lords for a day or two, soon after the beginning of the first session; if we remember that he then went to BATH during the recess, and that a great many blind stories were told us about the state of his health; if we remember, that the newspapers told us, that DR. DREVER had been *in attendance in the house* for some time previous to the apoplectic stroke; if we remember, that all these things took place preliminary to the apoplectic stroke; and if we remember, at the back of all this, that the physicians have never certified under their hands, that there was any apoplectic or paralytic stroke at all: if we remember all these things, what reason have we to believe the notorious liars of the press, when they tell us about an apoplectic or a paralytic stroke?

As to Mr. CANNING, the lumbago lie would be quite sufficient to convince any man of common sense, that his illness, or at least the cause of it; and, indeed, that the whole affair altogether has been totally misrepresented to the public. WHY SAY that it was a lumbago? It comes out the next day that the physicians will not allow him to read the despatches

received from abroad! What then, is it a lumbago in the head? It is a curious sort of lumbago in the loins; a curious sort of ache across the hips, the pains of which can be augmented or prolonged merely by the reading of papers. The girl who became "in a family way" in consequence of a broomstick laid across her shoulders by her sweetheart, was not, unless the brothers of the broad-sheet be liars, of more singular organization and susceptibility than is our wonderful *Æolian* Secretary of State. This story about the lumbago and the despatches will be remembered after CANNING shall have been forgotten. The whole enterprise, all taken together from first to last, the message of the king, the *Æolian* speech, the choice spirits of the age, the huzzaing of the Parliament, and the now astonishing silence of that collective wisdom: all these things taken together, form a mess to be remembered; but, in the whole mass, there is no ingredient that surpasses that curious lumbago which renders it dangerous for a man to read despatches! One would think that the Parliament also were afflicted with this curious lumbago; for they seem to have an insuperable objection even to hear the despatches read.

In short, we must guess at the real ailments of MR. CANNING. We can *know* nothing at all about the matter. We know very well that something keeps him away from the House of Commons, and that is all we do know or can know. Time will tell us all about the matter. Tell-tale time will let all the secrets out, and then many of us will stare each other in the face, ashamed to reflect on our present, almost beastly credulity.

With regard to Mr. Huskisson, his friends seem to think that there is wisdom in the old maxim, namely, "least said soonest mended." It is a queer sort of way in which the brethren of the broadsheet speak about this gentleman, but, at any rate, nobody seems to be very sanguine, as to his appearing again upon the stage, in any reasonable space of time. Alas then, for free trade! Alas then, for "*liberal principles*," supported by the supporters of rotten boroughs. Alas then, for the augmented salary of £2000 a year, given for the demolition of two hundred Acts of Parliament! Alas for all these: but, this prudent gentleman has provided a *contingent pension for his life!* That is to say, he is to have, for his life, one thousand two hundred pounds of

our money every year, whenever he do not fill a place that will give him more than £2000 a year! There is a curious way of riding a people! it is neither straddle nor side saddle: it is foot in stirrup with 'tother leg always ready to go over the back; and the poor devil of a public, like the tantalized horse, really knows not what to wish for, whether for the rider to mount and seat himself or to remain where he is. Besides this, Mrs. Emily Huskisson, wife of the minister of "liberal principles," has a pension settled upon her of £600 a year. She is to have this for her life, *after the death of her husband*. This is a singular sort of way of insuring a *dowser* for a widow! So that, neither sickness nor death falling upon this *great man* can wholly relieve us from the expence of maintaining him. Of what nature his complaint is, I cannot pretend to say; and the newspapers are pretty nearly silent upon the subject; what they have said has clearly proved their pretences to be false, in that we are in the dark here also, except that we know that the Right Honourable orator does not make his appearance on the stage.

Thus we are in a state of very great uncertainty as to the sort of

illness, or the degree of the illness, or the prospect of the duration of the illness which keeps these men out of their places in Parliament. Nay, I should be very loath to take my oath that they *have any illness at all*; and, at any rate, I would advise you, my friends, and all those who wish to see a change of this system, to keep your tears, at least, to yourselves, till there is a certainty, the only possible certainty, that while you are shedding these tears for the dying men, they may not *give you a stroke* pretty nearly as fatal as that of the palsy and the apoplexy. Pray, my friends, whatever the "*loyal*" may do, expose not yourselves to the laughter of the world on this score. Be taught, my friends, by the story of the Wife of Bath, in the Canterbury Tales of CHAUCER. This virago had sent three husbands to the grave by the bangings of her tongue, and the various tricks she played them. Having amassed a pretty good fortune, by robbing the three first, she then took a fourth for her enjoyment. Here, however, the devil deserted her; for this fourth was a stout young fellow that seemed to be destined to avenge the wrongs of the former three. He was more than a match for the shrew in all sorts of ways; not forgetting the

corporal chastisement that she frequently received at his hands. She tried all her old tricks over again; but all she found unavailing. Even swooning and *going into fits* had no effect. At last she resorted to the trick of DYING! This surely would melt the hard heart of the husband. She was dying: she wished just to bid him adieu; and he, thinking that there was no danger in softening for a minute or two, just as the breath was going out of her body, went to her bed-side, and stooped down, just to imprint a parting kiss upon her cheek; a kiss that he gave without much grudging, seeing that it was the last that he was to be called upon to give. Down he stooped then, was just tempering his lips, and beginning to utter "Farewell, my beloved," when she, drawing her right arm slyly back under the bedclothes, with a clenched fist at the end of that arm, suddenly gave him a blow behind the ear, laid him sprawling upon the floor, whence he was lifted to be put into the coffin, while she got up to wear her weeds, to look out for a fifth, and to triumph to the end of her days.

Therefore, my friends, be cautious: do not begin to weep too soon over these unfortunate Ministers. I saw Liverpool in his

place in the House of Lords last May; and I thought what I thought when I saw him, but I also remembered, that, the last time that I saw him in that place before was, when, in urging the necessity of the Power-of-Imprisonment Bill, he said he was determined to pursue the **STERN PATH OF DUTY**; words which I have never forgotten whenever I have heard his name mentioned. I, therefore, conjure my readers to restrain their pity, till, at any rate, they be quite **SURE**, that the objects of their pity will not live to make them measure their length upon the floor. Let them recollect the fate of the melting spouse of the Wife of Bath. Let them, above all things, not begin to forgive too soon; and, indeed, the only safe way is, not to forgive till it is impossible that the forgiven party can ever offend you again; that is to say, unless explicit confession of error or wrong-doing, and ample *atonement*, precede the exercise of your power of pardoning.

But, now, what is to be done? *Who is to be Minister?* This last is the great question; and, at any other time than this; at any former time, until within these ten or fifteen years, it would have been a question not only of uncommon interest, but one which would have

kept the whole country in a state of agitation. The **MOABITES**, or Whigs, would have flown to the spoil. There would have been a running up and down and to and again by the fellows of Brookes's gambling house, as if all their wives and mistresses were in the straw at once. Now very little is said about the matter. A question has been modestly asked in each House, as to when it is likely that a new Prime Minister will be appointed; but, that is all; not a word has been said about the **WHO**; about the **PRINCIPLES**; about the **MEASURES**: not a word has been said about these things. Not that there is any lack of *Moabites*; not that the *Moabites* have ceased to have a relish for good things; but, it is manifest that the *Moabites* see, that it is not so clear, that there will be any good things for them to get at. They look at the concern as a parcel of sparrows look at food which you have scattered upon the ground, and about and amongst which you have set a parcel of limed twigs! They turn their heads upon one side, turn up their bills, and have faces so full of a mixture of eagerness to get at the food and of doubts relative to the dangers of getting it, that one cannot help admiring at the

provident arrangements of nature!

The Moabites would gladly take upon them the immense trouble of imposing, levying, collecting, distributing, fingering, and fumbling the sixty millions sterling a year paid by this wretched and "*imperial*" people of this "*imperial empire*." They would fain have the fingering of these sixty millions; but all of them, except the exceedingly stupid, see that there is danger attending the getting possession of this fingering. He who fingers must *account* by-and-by; and, exceedingly stupid as the Moabites generally are, they must see, that to have to settle the account will not be so very pleasant a thing.

The truth is, that there is nobody, of either party, who sees what ought to be done, and who has both the courage and the talent to do it. That is it. There are men enough who want the *places* and the immense power and riches which the *places* give; but we are now got into a state, which says that those who fill these places shall, at last, be responsible, really responsible for the measures which they adopt.

Egyptian darkness, whatever that might be, could not have been much thicker, could not have been

much less contrary to light, than the inside of the heads of these Moabites generally is contrary to what ought to be called enlightened. They are, nine out of every ten, the grossest of fools, as far as relates to great public affairs; but, they have the understanding of brutes, at any rate; and it wants very little more than the understanding of brutes to enable them to see that this *system must go to pieces*; that there must be a great, a terrific change in the whole of the affairs of the Government. They all seem to feel this: they want the courage, they want the skill, they want the every thing necessary to encounter either the consequences of a change like this or the making of the change.

That great CORNELIUS AGRIPPA'S man, BROUGHAM, for instance: it is very fine to hear him TALK about measures of Government; but put him into office and ask him whether he mean to continue on the law until he has extinguished all the one-pound notes; or whether he mean to return to Bank restriction or legal tender? Let him be in office; let him be responsible for what he says; put these questions to him, and you frighten him out of his senses.

The present men, sick, well, lame, lazy, or anything but dead;

must and will carry on the system as long as it will last. If they go, the system goes. Nobody else can carry it on, for a *remedy* would be called for from others; and, *remedy* means a *destruction of the system*. It is nonsense, therefore, to talk of a *change of the Ministry*. If the Moabites were in office, they must do precisely what these men do, or, they must adopt measures which would destroy the system. There has been a talk about MR. CANNING and "*liberal principles*" having triumphed in the Cabinet; and, from the circumstance of *Canning* having been so applauded by BROUHAM; from the circumstance of his having published his amended speech at the Moabites' shop; from these and various other circumstances, there is reason to suppose that there may have been a silly project of this sort; but, what could the project effect: it could do nothing to obviate the convulsion which is coming: it could not have prevented anarchy from low prices or anarchy from two prices. In short, it could have done nothing to save the system; and this is so strongly felt, by both parties, that the one does not care much about remaining in place, and the other has very little desire to get into place.

One of two things must happen in a comparatively short space of time; that is to say, the present law relative to paper money must be repealed, there must be two prices and assignats proceeding from what is called Bank Restriction and legal tender, or, there must be a cessation of all payment of rents. One or the other of these must take place, and that at no distant day. The present Ministers are quite as capable as any others of going back to Bank restriction and legal tender. They dare not face the devil of low prices. They dare not cause rents to cease to be paid. What they are to do they themselves do not know; and this is the reason, and the only reason, why there is no bustling and pushing and shoving to get into their places. The places are as valuable as ever for the *day*; but, then, the *tenure* is hardly worth a pin; while, on the other hand, the danger is great. The House is the same house; there is, for the present, the same table kept; and there is just the same carousing and squandering; but, the *tenure* is not as it used to be; the tenure is from hour to hour; while the very foundations of the house begin to shake, and it may come tumbling at any hour down upon the ears of the occupants. I saw, the other day,

a large and good looking house, with a showy garden to it, to be let, on a long lease, or to be sold at a very cheap rate. I was surprised at the cheapness of the thing; but, upon talking about the house to a man who was working hard by, he very significantly pronounced the words "*dry rot*"! That was enough! I needed no more to explain to me why the house was cheap; and, it is precisely from feelings similar to those which would actuate persons going to look at this house; it is from feelings precisely like these, that the present apparent apathy of the Moabites springs. They are as fond of the good things as ever they were: they are as eager to get at them: they see the grain, but they ~~see~~ the limed twigs also: they would fain take the former, but they dread the latter.

To this state, my friends, are the two factions come at last. They have both been our enemies; and that, too, in much about an equal degree. The Whigs have hated us most, but have wanted the power to act according to their hatred. To what state lower than the present can they very well be reduced? There is the Thing, for the preservation of which; for the maintenance of which, with all its abuses, they

have so long been at war against us: there is this very concern; this Thing which they deem to be so precious: there it is reduced to such a state, that one party is afraid to keep it, and the other party is afraid to take it, though it continues to pour down riches upon all who have it. This is the state to which we have seen the Thing brought by its own supporters. It does little more at present than merely reel along; and that it may cease even to reel, unless it be radically reformed, is the most anxious wish of

Your Friend, and
Most obedient Servant,
W^m. COBBETT.

DUKE OF YORK.

I CANNOT think what the devil the hangers on of the THING can possibly mean by making all the worry that they are making about the Duke of York. In low matters, they are as cunning as the father of lies himself; but I really cannot discover what they expect to *get*, or what they expect to *keep*; what selfish purpose they expect to answer; how they suppose they shall thereby coax the working part of the community to give them more readily the means of living in laziness; what end, in

short, they do propose to answer by this incessant bawling about the *virtues* of the Duke of York, is what I cannot for the life of me dive into.—There is a bookseller, I see, who is now publishing an account of the "*last illness and decease of the DUKE of YORK.*

" By LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR

" HERBERT TAYLOR, G. C. H.

" &c. &c. &c."

Now this Taylor really seems to have done no more than what a grateful man ought to do. The Duke of York made him every thing; and, if it was justifiable in him to accept of riches and honours through that channel, he was right in doing what he could to extol the channel. Very different is the case of the man who has been working hard all his life-time, to pay taxes, part of which went to the support of this Duke of York, and this HERBERT TAYLOR, and the Dead Weight; thousands, including the parsons, who are at once military officers and called by the Holy Ghost to teach the Gospel. Very right in this HERBERT TAYLOR with his title of Lieut. General, G. C. H., to cry up DUKEY YORK; but NOT SO VERY NATURAL, in some of those whom I have seen dressed in black for the purpose of doing honour to his memory.—But again, to re-

turn to the point I am starting from, I cannot imagine *what good* these *catterwauling* aristocrats think they shall achieve by thus braving every good feeling in the country.

IMPOSSIBLE !

WHAT ! WILBERFORCE DEAD !

To my utter astonishment I read the other day, the following words in a speech ascribed to Dr. LUSHINGTON, and said to have been spoken on the 14th instant. The DOCTOR, after telling a long and tough story about a Church parson in Jaimaca, who had, by means of a sermon, set the people to work to mob a Methodist parson; fire several shots into his house, and to do several other acts of great violence: the DOCTOR, after this account, is said to have proceeded thus:—" It would be " comparatively well if the matter " had stopped even here. Would " the House hardly credit him " when he told them, that on the " ensuing Sunday, but one or two " days having intervened, the " same clergyman mounted the " same pulpit, alluded to the out- " rage which had been committed, " and re-preached the same ser- " mon ? (Hear, hear.) The House

"ought to be informed who
"this Rev. Mr. BRIDGES was.
"He was an individual who first
"attained public notoriety by the
"promulgation of a libel upon the
"*memory of a man entitled to the
respectful recollections of all
those endued with creditable
feelings of humanity.* The
"first public proceeding of
"Mr. BRIDGES was a libel
"upon the memory of Mr.
"WILBERFORCE, in which
"were introduced these words:
[Here follow the words.] —
"As a reward for this compo-
sition the House of Assembly
"in Jamaica voted him £500,
"and as a further encouragement,
"the BISHOP of JAMAICA appointed
"him his Chaplain. He (Dr.
"LUSHINGTON) trusted, if the
"facts which he had recited could
"be brought home, some means
"would be devised of punishing
"not only those who had been
"guilty of a violation of the law,
"in firing into the house of Mr.
"RADCLIFFE, but also the foun-
"tain and author of that outrage;
"for undoubtedly those who suf-
"fered themselves to be made the
"instruments of such an act of
"violence, however culpable,
"were less guilty than those, at
"whose instigation it was per-
"petrated."

And is it really true that this chap is dead? Is it really true, that this representative of "almost a little kingdom," as I once heard him call himself; is it really true that this fellow is gone off, actually gone off for ever without making more noise in the country than would have been made by the killing of my cat! No, no! it never can be; the modern saints and Bible men would certainly set up a howl: there would certainly have been some canting printer fellow found to sell a space of his publication for the putting of black marks round some part of this fellow's demise. If he really be dead, as one would gather from the words imputed to DOCTOR LUSHINGTON, it would almost make me hope that the sons and daughters of cant are not incurable. This, however, is too much to hope.

If the above account of DOCTOR LUSHINGTON's sayings be correct, I differ completely from the Doctor, as to the whole of what he is here reported to have said. I commend MR. BRIDGES, not for urging the commission of breaches of the peace; not for writing any LIBEL upon WILBERFORCE, but for doing every thing which he lawfully could do in order to counteract the workings of that man. All that the Doctor has given of

the libel, as he calls it, appears to have been in latin, and I shall not quote the latin because I should not like to have a legal contest even with the memory of WILBERFORCE; but, when the Doctor asserts that all those who have a respect for *humanity* must necessarily dislike the conduct of MR. BRIDGES, I deny the fact; for, I have been a strict observer of the conduct of this WILBERFORCE ever since he began to figure upon the political stage. He began as a Parliamentary Reformer, and he was a supporter of PITT in every one of his dreadful acts against the Parliamentary Reformers; and there never was an Act passed, from the year 1793 to the passing of the Six Acts in 1819; never an Act hostile to the liberty of the Press; never an Act for suspending the Habeas Corpus; never an Act giving absolute power of imprisonment to the Ministers, never an Act for shutting men up in dungeons without regular commitment, and without being confronted with the accuser; never one single Act of this sort; never a Bank Stoppage Act, and never a Bill of Indemnity, which had not the decided support of this very WILBERFORCE; and, yet, the above report says, that DOCTOR LUSHINGTON

had the boldness to declare, that this "man was entitled to the respectful recollections of all those who were endued with creditable feelings of humanity." My recollections of him are contemptuous in the highest degree; and I think that I herein discover more humanity than the maker of this speech. I feel for OGDEN, and for those who suffered with OGDEN. WILBERFORCE'S feelings were for Blacks, who were, and who are better fed than the labouring people of England.

AFFAIRS OF PORTUGAL.

THE following Letters will speak for themselves, and the reader will not fail to draw the proper conclusion, from the fact of the "Times" newspaper having declined to insert that letter which I now insert below. This is an instance of the *foul play* of this abominable press. It hires a wretched creature whom it stations at Lisbon, to send it home what it calls "*intelligence*;" that is to say, materials wherewith to compose doses of misrepresentation, to flatter and cajole and noodle along in error its duped readers, and on whose passions and preju-

dices it lives and thrives.—Nothing could be more mischievous; or, at least, more detrimental to the English cause at Portugal than the article which appeared in the "Times," and of which my Correspondent has so ably remarked. The conductor of that newspaper felt this truth, and therefore took special care not to expose the follies of his own article, by inserting that of my Correspondent. Infinite has been the mischief done by this press: this "*best possible public instructor*" of the best possible C^RONELIUS AGRIPPA's man, of which this country now has to boast. It was this senseless and unprincipled press, with this very "Old Times" newspaper at its head, that drove the country into the last war against the American United States, for the avowed purpose of deposing JAMES MADISON! And, no small part of the public had, by this same stupid and mercenary press, been maddened up to the notion, that the Guards were marching away from LONDON, for the purpose, if not of deposing, of doing something very like deposing, FERDINAND, King of Spain!—What but the everlasting din of these newspapers could have put such a notion into the minds of the common people? When the Guards were marching

away, they were accompanied by crowds of people in the lowest walks of life, carrying LAUREL BOUGHHS, and giving the soldiers leaves of that shrub, that symbol of glorious victory, to stick in their caps, crying out, at the same time, "Down with that rascal, Ferdinand!" I heard that there was a crowd assembled at the door of SIR WILLIAM CLINTON, at the moment of his departure for Portsmouth; that they exultingly cheered him when he got into his carriage, and that they cried out, "Pull down that Tyrant FERDINAND!" What, I say, but the base and stupid lies of the Scotch lawyer's "*best public instructor*," could have produced such effects as these. FERDINAND had done nothing against our Sovereign or ourselves; he had committed no act of hostility against England, either direct or indirect. Whether he had strictly adhered to the principles of the law of nations, even if he had done what had been imputed to him, was matter of great doubt: it was, at any rate, too nice a point to be settled in this sort of way. In short, he had done nothing but endeavour to keep what he deemed anarchy and premeditated sacrilege out of his dominions; and, for this, he was to be execrated by the people

of England, and they were to halloo for his destruction. Such an effect never could have been produced by any thing but these horrible newspapers. The poor souls, who were deluded to set up this outcry were not aware, that they, who were already half bankrupts, and others of them nearly half-starved, were to assist *to pay* for this exploit, for this pulling down of FERDINAND, and still less were they aware, that the exploit would not pull him down, and that those soldiers, whose departure they cheered, might have to return without any of the laurel leaves which they had stuck in their caps.—It is very curious, that the Parliament should have separated, cheering, nay, *huzzing* ÆOLUS CANNING on his projected pulling down of FERDINAND; and that the same Parliament should now have been assembled for more than five weeks, without any member of it, in either House, saying one single word about this Portuguese exploit! Not one single word, good, bad or indifferent, has been uttered by one member of either House, any more than if we had not a soldier in Portugal, and than if we were not actually paying, at this moment, for the sending of *hay to Portugal*, to feed the English cavalry

horses that are there.—Other occasions will offer, for remarking on the consequences of this enterprise: at present I shall only add a repetition of the opinion which I have always entertained on the subject; namely, that the “thing,” called the “New Constitution,” was a scheme hatched in England; that it was wholly unfitted to the Portuguese nation, that it will be blown completely away, leaving behind it no lasting effect other than that of disgrace to its projectors.

TO MR. COBBETT.

March 16th, 1827.

SIR,—On Tuesday the 6th inst. the Editor of the Times newspaper published a long letter from his LISBON correspondent. The next day, the 7th, I delivered at the Times Office, Printing House Square, a letter for publication, in which I made manifest the impolicy and indiscretion, and unmasked the character of this Lisbon Correspondent. As the Editor has not published my Letter, I now send it to you; in order, if you consider the information it contains of general interest, that my letter may appear in that Weekly Register which has so often exposed the injudicious conduct of Government agents, and

the humbug and delusions played off upon the public.

I remain, &c.

FAIR PLAY.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—As a friend to constitutional liberty, I cannot but express my regret, that you should have thought proper to publish in your widely circulated paper, (this day March 6,) the Letter of two columns without signature, dated the 28th of February, 1827.

I have nothing to do with the subject which gave rise to that letter; the parties accused may, for what I know, be innocent or guilty. I merely address you to expose the injurious effects which such publications may have upon the cause of the Constitutionalists.

One of the things which has most tended to make that cause unpopular, is a report, generally spread in Portugal, that Sir Charles Stuart had obtained Don Pedro's consent, that the estates of monasteries, and other ecclesiastical property, should be sold or mortgaged as a security to those who would advance funds to repay the British Government all expenses incurred, in the establishment and maintenance of the Constitution. Of the truth or falsehood of this report it is not for me

to inquire; but this I must say, that no publication could be better calculated to impress upon the public the truth of this report, than this letter from your Lisbon correspondent.

As almost his whole letter is taken up with the common-place abuse of monks, friars, priests, the processions of the Host, and other religious usages of the Portuguese, I at first thought the writer might be some Biblical itinerant, who, as is usual with those personages, by way of conciliating expends his pious rhetoric in virulent abuse of the doctrines most revered by those he means to bring into his fold. But from the anxiety he expresses for the sale of monastic and other ecclesiastical property, which, as he says, *must follow the restoration of social order under the charter,* and the "*astonishment felt by some people here*" (in Lisbon) that this "*ecclesiastical property is not immediately made available to the distressing wants of Government,*" I am rather inclined to believe that he must be one of those British or Portuguese circumcised or uncircumcised Jews, connected with some joint-stock worthies here, who hold themselves ready to speculate on this ecclesiastical property; of such speculations arising in Por-

tugal they have made sure, particularly since the Minister's *des-camisado* Æolian blast, which is once more to let loose the fiends of spoliation and sacrilege, the *liberaux frères et amis*, the vauntingly proclaimed auxiliaries of the present British Ministry.

Now, Sir, there is no one more anxious that the people of Portugal, and indeed of every other country, should enjoy liberty, than I am; but I must own that I have no faith in the zeal of those who hold that liberty is to be founded on robbery, and can only be maintained by the destruction of the Christian religion; for, let us not deceive ourselves, the destruction of the Catholic religion is not the end, but the means by which the end which all *Liberaux* aim at, the "*Ecrasez l'Infame*," is to be attained. This is the great *Liberal*, the *frère et ami*, COUNT TORRENO, distinctly expressed in his Preface to his book on the constitution of the Spanish *Cortes*. *Liberaux* seem to be quite fanatics on this subject, but there is something quite other than fanaticism at bottom. They are aware that such is the rooted attachment of the people of Spain, and of course of Portugal, to the Catholic religion, that they cannot unchristianise without unchristianising

them, and without this total change they know that they cannot be secure in the enjoyment of the plunder of the church, or of their fellow-citizens.

It does appear to me, Mr. Editor, that in the multiplicity of your business, this communication from Lisbon escaped your usual vigilance, otherwise I cannot conceive that you would have suffered the publication of a document so insulting to the feelings of our allies, and indeed so very ill calculated to conciliate the good will of the Portuguese towards our gallant countrymen, who thus are, in the face of Europe, made by your correspondent to figure as the mercenary *alguazils* of a rapacious banditti of Jobbing Jews and *Liberaux*.

If, besides, those Priests and Friars are as really averse to the Constitution as your correspondent represents them to be (which I much doubt), they must be delighted to see such a publication in a respectable English Paper, and they will not fail to produce it as evidence of the hostile intentions of our Government towards their order and their church. Indeed I should not be at all surprised if that very article was translated into Portuguese, and every where circulated by those

very same Priests and Friars, as few productions, in my humble opinion, would more effectually tend to injure the Constitutional Cause.

FAIR PLAY.

London, March 6, 1827.

PS.—Wednesday, March 7.— I have just heard that a Great Jew has dispatched a detachment of Israelites to establish a house in Lisbon. How sweetly now, if he pleases, may the Jew (aided by the more than Hebrew rapacity of the *Liberaux*, far outdoing the “*alieni appetens*” of Catiline’s band of “*frères et amis*”) avenge on the Portuguese nation the wrongs heretofore suffered by his Portuguese brethren.

INTERMENT OF THE DEAD.

THE same ties and endearments, that link together friends and relatives during life, seem to influence them at the hour of death: nothing is more anxiously sought at that awful hour, than to be interred with the ashes of our fathers. When colonies spread beyond the ocean from the mother hives, they would also, if possible, be buried with their relatives and Christian

brethren. There is perhaps no other affection of the human heart stronger, nor more consistent with nature and with religion: it characterized the most holy men under the Old and New Laws. We read in St. Jerome, “That Ebron is called the city of the four great men, because there, in a double sepulchre, were deposited the three Patriarchs and their wives; that is, Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Lia, together with Adam himself and his wife Eve. Tobias (iv. 3.) said to his son, *When God shall have received my soul, bury my body*, and honour thy mother all the days of thy life; but when she will also finish her days, *bury her alongside of me*. Let one grave bring together those whom one wedlock has joined, because they are but one flesh: Matt. xix. 6.” Joseph, at the hour of his death in the land of Egypt, requested his brethren to carry his bones and bury them in the tomb of his forefathers; Gen. l. 5.; and it is said to the prophet who ate contrary to the command of God in Bethel (3 Kings, xiii. 22), Your carcass shall not be interred in the sepulchre of your ancestors. It is also related in the New Testament, that Philip erected a tomb for himself and his daughters.

But the ancient Christians al-

ways selected for the interment of the dead the precincts of God's temples, or the spots that were sanctified by the residence or sufferings of the saints and martyrs; their motives for so doing take from ST. AUGUSTINE: "Let us not imagine that our care for the dead avails them, unless we offer on their behalf either the solemn sacrifice of the altar, or prayers, or alms-deeds; though they do not benefit all persons for whom they are offered, but only those who, during life, rendered themselves worthy of being thus relieved after death. But as we know not who are worthy, suffrages ought to be made for all the faithful, so that none be omitted for whom these benefits could and should be performed: for it is much better that our suffrages be redundant for those whom they neither hurt nor serve, than be wanting to those whom they could benefit. Let each person be however more careful to discharge this duty towards his friends, in hope that he may be equally dealt with by his own survivors. But the funeral obsequies is no relief to the soul, but a display of that human affection which never allowed man to hate his own flesh: Eph. v. 29. Hence he should take as

"much care as possible of his neighbour's flesh after the departure of him who ruled it. And if they, who disbelieve in the resurrection of the flesh, do this, how much more are we, who believe in it, bound to perform this duty? Let this sacred attention paid to the dead body, that shall rise again and live in eternity, be a testimony of our faith in the *resurrection of the flesh*. But it seems to me to be beneficial also for the dead that each person be interred in the places allotted for the commemoration of the martyrs, in order that whilst he is recommended to the patronage of the martyr, the suffrages on his behalf be multiplied." 13. Q. 2. C. 19.

GREGORY the GREAT.

Dialog. Lib. 4, C. 50, An. 593, said, "It is useful for those who are not loaded with grievous sins, if they be buried in the church, because their neighbours, as often as they assemble to those holy places, turn their thoughts on the persons deposited in the monuments, and present their prayers for them before the throne of God. But with regard to those who are sunk under mortal sin, they gain not release, but greater

"damnation by being interred in
"the churches." *Ibidem*, C. 17.

Providence in his own inscrutable decrees has prepared trials for all the sons of Eve, and chastises in a greater degree his own favourites—the Apostles and the martyrs. The heavier falls his hand upon any of our fellow-creatures, the louder he calls for our sympathy and relief: *When I was sick, you visited me; when in prison, you came to me; Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for ye from the beginning of the world.* Matt. xxv. 34. It was in hope of this future reward that thousands of men and women, during every century since the birth of Christ, until the present time, devoted their whole life and property in attending the sick and burying the dead. Nothing more edifies the traveller than the pious heroism of the "Ladies of Charity" all over the European Continent: they, pious souls, abandon in the bloom of youth the fleeting allurements of society, to spend their days and nights, not at the play or dance, not at the levee or toilet, but consoling and relieving the sick; nor plague nor fever deters them from his ghastly abode; all thoughts of personal danger are lost in their

firm hope of the future reward: Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for ye from the beginning of the world; when I was sick you visited me. They know that God, who made the promise, is faithful and able to redeem it.

The mode of burying the dead in Rome is not less edifying, nor less worthy of the traveller's notice. All the citizens seemed to have formed themselves into different societies to perform that work of charity. The shoemakers, or weavers, for instance, assemble in a religious costume, generally a long habit, girded by a cincture. First they carry the body to the church, to have the august mysteries offered for the departed soul; then they move on in solemn procession towards the place of interment outside the city, carrying on a bier the body, neatly dressed and decorated with flowers and religious emblems, with the empty coffin alongside, to receive the corpse at the grave. This awful exposure through the streets, of that pale image of death—that face that was full of bloom and vigour, only two days ago, like your own, together with the responsive hymn of both clergy and crowd, generally leaves on your mind the conviction of the vanity

of this world, and of the uncertainty of your own earthly tenure.

This faith in the merit of good works, and hope in the promise of a God, was no where more visible than in these islands. They founded and amply endowed, in every parish, asylums for the sick, the poor, the aged, and for the traveller, and allotted by the church convenient places for the burial of the dead; little dreading that a race of wolves, in the clerical robe, would ever arise, who would devour the poor flock, demolish their houses, seize on their property, and turn out on the wide world, to famish or to beg, the widows, the orphans, the sick and the lame; and who would moreover make a venal commodity of that sacred, consecrated ground of interment. Behold honest John Bull hard at labour, under the yoke from the beginning of his days, paying annually the tenth part of his labour to feed the parson, and paying perhaps not less than half of the remaining nine-tenths in taxes, both direct and indirect, that were imposed to carry on the "No Popery war," or the war that was carried on since the *funding* reign of *William III.*, for the mere purpose of saving the church property; behold poor John now, after the

very marrow and vital blood was thus squeezed from his heart's core, in tithes and taxes, going heart-broken to take his final repose in the bosom of his mother earth, in hope of a happy resurrection. Will he be met by his own pastor, or his agent, at the church-gate, and told, "John, "you shall not lay down your "bones in this yard, with the "bones of your ancestors, until "you pay us, in addition to all "you ever paid, *thirty shillings!*" What more inhuman, what more terrific! However, this is the practice in and about London, I am told every where. They make a curious distinction: the lodger and man who pays no taxes, is charged thirty, whils the householder or payer of taxes, is required to pay but fifteen shillings for his grave.

Some heart-rending cases lately fell under my own observation: I shall mention one. A poor mechanic, of feeble constitution, went, a few weeks ago, to the sexton, to treat about the interment of his baby; he pleaded, as well he might, distress in all her ghastly features, "that his health was "nearly broken down, that he "was hardly able to hold out in "his employment, that he was "already indebted, that his clothes

" and furniture were partly sold
" and pawned, and that, if now
" compelled to pay the burial fees
" of his child, he did not know
" what to do." But, strange to
relate! he was told, that "the
" just fees must be paid to his
" reverence." And thus the in-
fant was to be waked a few days
longer, until the cursed fees were
scraped from the humanity of
some neighbours. But alas! the
same poor man is confined soon
after, and continues in the bed of
sickness, without friends or hire,
to procure him the necessaries of
life. Let each parent transport
himself in thought to the bedside
of that poor man, to see him
writhing in the pains of death;
the companion of his life in tears
at one side, with the surviving little
one in her arms, crying for bread;
no bread to be given, nothing to
buy it; and after his reflections
on that house of woe, let him go,
on the wings of thought, to see the
parson, in his palace, settling with
his sexton the interment accounts!
with whom he discourses, "As the
" lodger or houseless poor have
" to pay us double fees, this is the
" time to make our fortune; the
" 'late panic' has unhinged, un-
" housed three-fourths of the la-
" bouring classes, and thrown
" them for lodgings into the ob-

" scure back streets, or upon the
" wide world to roam and beg;
" what ruined the rest of the com-
" munity, yields unto us crops of
" gold: good and faithful sexton,
" be vigilant." The inventive
power of their mind is such, that
the monuments erected by the
piety or patriotism of Englishmen,
in some churches, for their fathers,
poets or heroes, could not be look-
ed upon by their sons, the stranger,
or by the artist, until he pay half-
a-crown or three shillings fee to
the clergy! Others amongst them
are gone so far in the "sin of
avarice," in the heresy of simony,
that they erect a cemetery, and
charge such enormous fees, that
no poor man can ever have access
to it; and for fear there are not
nabobs enough to fill it in the city,
they publish, in the yearly Direc-
tory, that "There are SPACI-
" OUS VAULTS under the
" chapel, and a burial ground,
" well secured, adjoining it." But
the poor, thus hunted, have the
consolation of faith, that God, at
the other side the grave, *has no
respect of persons, nor of bribes.*
Deut. x. 17.

Whilst John Bull is fleeced
both dead and alive, they amuse
him in return from the pulpits,
and in pamphlets, with black
hideous pictures of the "Scarlet

Whore," of Friars and Nuns, of "superstition," "inquisition,"—Jesuits, "Pope" and "Popery." Surely, John, the compensation which you get is great and valuable; the sacrifice which you have made for your clergy is counterbalanced by your great fortune in being rescued from these terrific monsters. Perhaps you may feel anxious to know the doctrine of the Pope and of the Catholic church, regarding the interment of the dead.

GREGORY the GREAT, *Lib. 7, Regest. An. 599, to the Bishop of Sardinia*, writes, "The illustrious Lady Nereida has presented her complaint to us that your brotherhood wants to charge her one hundred shillings for the interment of her daughter. But since our accession, by the grace of God, to the Episcopal dignity, we have both exploded this sin from our church, and never after allowed the base practice to revive. Remembering, that when Abram demanded for money, from Ephron, the son of Seor, ground for the interment of his wife, (Gen. xxiii. 10; Acts vii. 16,) he refused to receive the price, for fear it would appear that he gained benefit from the dead body. Therefore, if that Pagan

"had so much consideration, how far should we Priests be from being guilty of such things!—Hence I conjure you not to allow this sin of avarice to be repeated even upon the bodies of strangers. But, if at any time you allow any body to be entombed in your church, and if his parents, friends, or heirs, voluntarily make any offering to buy candles, we forbid not its being accepted, but we entirely forbid that any thing be demanded or exacted, for fear either, what is most sinful, the church become guilty of simony, which God forbid, (ne aut veniam fortasse quod absit) dicatur ecclesia,) or that you would appear to delight in the deaths of your fellow-creatures, if you desire to reap profit in any respect from their dead bodies."

CON. TRIBUR, in Germania, *An. 895*, "It is written, (Eccle. vii. 37,) prevent not paying respect to the dead, knowing that we must all die; again, (xl. 11) All things that are of the earth return to the earth again. Why dost thou, earth, sell the earth? Remember that thou art but earth, and that into earth thou must return, (Gen. iii. 19,) and that death shall come upon thee; it approaches, nor is it

" slow in its movements. Recollect that the earth is not man's property, but, as the Psalmist (Ps. xxiii. 1) sings, *the earth, and the inhabitants thereon, are the Lord's*. If you sell the earth, you will be guilty of usurping another man's rights: you received it gratuitously from God, give it gratuitously for his sake. Wherefore it is forbidden all Christians to sell the ground to the dead, and refuse them suitable place of interment, unless perhaps the friends and relatives of the deceased choose to offer any thing, of their own accord, in his name, and for the salvation of his soul."

INNOCENT III. to the Bishop of Magalon, An. 1208. "An abominable custom, that ought to be abolished, has grown up, it is said, about Mount Pessulan, that the grave be not dug for the dead, until a certain price be paid to the church for the ground in which they are to be buried. We order that you, the Ordinary of that place, do compel your clergy not to have the presumption of demanding any thing whatsoever in that respect."

DECRET. GREG. 9. Lib. 5. Tit. 3. C. 9., de Simonia: "As all things ought to be done from

" charity in the body of the church, and what is gratuitously received should be gratuitously imparted, it is too horrible that in some churches venality is said to gain such ground, that for investing Bishops, or Abbots, or Ecclesiastics in the see, and also for the interment and obsequies of the dead, and for the benedictions of wedlock or for other sacraments, something is required. But many persons imagine that this is lawful; because they think that the penal law has lost its force from long, the long contrary usage, not minding that the more grievous are sins, the longer they hold the unhappy soul in chains. Therefore that these sins be committed in future, either that any thing be demanded for investing in their sees Ecclesiastical persons, or for instituting priests, or for burying the dead, or for imparting nuptial benedictions, or for other sacraments to be ministered, or that are already ministered, we most strictly forbid. But if any person presume to contravene this decree, let him know that he shall have his portion with Giezi:"

*Con. Later. under Alex. III, Rome.
An. 1179.*

Behold that to charge any thing for the collating of churches, for

the sacraments, or for the interment of the dead, is to sell for price the free gifts of the Holy Ghost, and to fall into simony, that horrible sin committed by Gehazi in the Old Testament: 4 Kings v. 27; by Judas who sold the Redeemer: Matt. xxvii. 5; by Simon Magus: Acts. viii, 20. The law of God against this crying sin stands and will stand until the end of time; nor one iota nor one particle can be taken from it; so the Catholic canons against it are not made for one age or country, but for the whole Church, until time shall be no more. If some persons or nations fall into disbelief, if they throw away the law and faith, *will their incredulity annul the faith of God? God forbid*: Rom. iii. 3. Eye witnesses say that four interments are at least daily made, and very often twelve, in each of the city churches; but let us suppose that six be the average number, and that three be made by taxpayers at 15s. each, comes 2l. 5s.; three by non-payers of taxes, at 1l. 10s. each, 4l. 10s.; making 6l. 15s. daily — 365 days in the year; so that the parson gains yearly, by the [dead alone, about 2463l. 15s.!! together with the tithes and all his other perquisites. However, no people in

the world feel more compassion for the “priest ridden” Catholics of Ireland and of other countries than the English. They are forever sending, at immense expense, missionaries to convert the benighted pagans, and spurious Bibles, that are never received nor read, to emancipate the Irish from “imposition and superstition.” Should not their charity begin at home—to redeem the remains of poor John Bull from these greedy vultures; should they not rather purchase Bibles or some good spiritual books that would teach charity or even natural humanity to the parson; or if his heart be hardened by the love of gain, that neither Scriptures nor logical lecture could soften it, would it not be proper to leave his ground of interment to himself, and purchase other spots convenient to each persuasion? If these individuals, who make such fuss, and raise great sums to emancipate the African blacks, to convert the Indians of the forest, and Protestantize the Irish, take no pity upon their own Protestant neighbours, the Government that would, in the tenderness of their soul, relieve the Irish by pensioning the Roman Catholic Clergy, whose entire revenue from the *free donations* of their flocks, is, on an

average, from 100*l.* to 150*l.* each, should, in consistency, have some compassion for the Englishmen, and free them from this mighty sum, 2463*l.* 15*s.*, squeezed annually from the fat of the dead by each parson, and make them support the poor, the aged, and the sick, as they were originally supported, out of the tithes. At any rate, his Majesty, who is their spiritual Head, ought to interfere, and bring them to the observance of the law of God, and the S. Canons, and to revere the ashes of the dead.

J. O'CALLAGHAN,
R. Catholic Priest.

Thomas Place,
Hercules Buildings, London.

March 12, 1827.

TRIP TO ROTHERHITHE.

MANY of my numerous and various adventures have had geniuses enough to celebrate them in prose ; but, as far as I can recollect, my trip to Rotherhithe, so circumstantially detailed by me in a late Register, when I was giving an account of my vain endeavour to become proprietor of some of *ÆOLUS CANNING's* cheap wheat :

this trip to Rotherhithe is, as far as I can remember, the only exploit of mine that has ever been celebrated in poetry. I therefore insert the following piece with a degree of satisfaction rather unusual. There are persons who ascribe to *my pen*, or to my "muse," as the rhyming people call it, the verses on BRIC and the SHOY-HOY. Upon my word I did not write a line of them, and I do not know from whom they came. The present piece, which records the sad consequences of my own ignorance, will hardly be ascribed to me. At any rate, it is due to my readers to tell them, that I am totally ignorant as to the name of the author.

COBBETT'S TRIP TO ROTHERHITHE.

THE ruler and the misrule'd alike
Disease's poisonous arrows strike.
This truth *ÆOLUS CANNING* felt,
As on a sick-bed late he dwelt.
When health anew his nerves had strung,
And servile eloquence his tongue,
Straight to the House he bent his way;
That famous House, whose members
pray,
Each time they meet (and well they
may!),
That virtue may their actions guide,
And wisdom o'er their minds preside :
He there proposed, in solemn strain,
Admission for the Foreign Grain;

Which, thanks to Parliament, or fate,
To England comes at cheaper rate
Than grain that springs from British soil,
Than grain produced by British toil.

"*Cheap Corn is come,*" was COBBETT's
cry;

The Weaver Boys "AMEN" reply,
And their dejected eye-balls raise,
As though were dawning better days.

For Redriff soon did COBBETT start,
With man and horse and bounding heart.

"Holloa! there—Captain Sniggersnec!

"Come here, my buck! a word with
thee:

"Arriv'd from Kensington am I,
"Some of your foreign wheat to buy;
"Its cheapness makes my mouth to
water,
"So, Skipper! let me have a quarter;
"But what's the price?"—"O dirty-four
"Of yur good schellings:" nothing
more

Demanded Sniggersnec. To work,
Like hungry ploughman at his pork,
Was COBBETT setting with his sack;
When lo! Exciseman at his back,
Ask'd, with authoritative air,
"What the devil he was doing there?"
"Why, putting up the wheat, my blade!
"For which the Dantzicker I've paid."
"Stay," said the revenue-harpy, "Stay!"
"You must not bear this wheat away—
"You have a something in your head
"The daily papers just have said;
"You the *Debates* read o'er, of course,
"And hence your present folly's source;

"This cheap and general education,
"Will ruin bring upon the nation!
"Hark'ye, this wheat you cannot take,
"Unless to me you payment make
"Of shillings *thirty-four*, for that
"The *duty* now is rated at."
The man-in-office, ceasing, frown'd,
And struck his stick upon the ground.
How COBBETT stared with both his eyes!
Now petrifactions of surprise:
Ere he could speak, some moments past;
At length he loudly spoke and fast:
"What! pay a duty?—pay for *nought*,
"A sum, like that the wheat which
bought?
"A pretty free admission this!
"Of Canning's Corn Bill, O the bliss!
"That makes this Dantzic *sixty-eight*!
"Tho' *fifty-four*, the markets state,
"The average price of English wheat!
"Oh! cheat of cheats—transcendent
cheat!
"A Government like this, should be—"
"Seditious scoundrel! come with me—
Roar'd out the officer, "or cease
"With blasphemy to break the peace."
Not soon the war of language ceas'd;
The Foreign Wheat was unreleased;
The luckless COBBETT took his sack
And horse and cart, and travell'd back
In such a trim, as when of yore,
He left some damsel's cottage door,
Who late his vows with favour heard,
But now another's love prefer'd.

LEWPO.

MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending March 9.

Per Quarter.

	s. d.		s. d.
Wheat ..	54 10	Rye	36 0
Barley ..	36 10	Beans	48 6
Oats	30 10	Pease	49 4

Total Quantity of Corn returned as Sold in the Maritime Districts, for the week ended March 9.

Qrs.	Qrs.
Wheat ..	40,104
Barley ..	27,952
Oats ...	14,482

Qrs.	s. d.
Rye	477
Beans	3,521
Pease	1,501

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, March 10.

Qrs.	£.	s. d.	s. d.
Wheat ..	4,686	for 14,055	8 4 Average, 59 11
Barley ..	4,461	.. 8,550	18 11.....38 4
Oats ..	3,937	.. 6,455	4 0.....32 9
Rye	—	.. 0 0	0 0.....0 0
Beans ..	1,226	.. 2,839	7 6.....46 3
Pease ..	843	.. 2,419	5 9.....59 11

Friday, March 16.—The arrivals are moderate this week of most kinds of Grain. There is so great a dullness in the Wheat trade, that Monday's prices can hardly be obtained for any samples to-day. Barley and Oats are rather higher, though trade is not lively for either of these articles. Beans and Pease remain in the same dull state as lately reported.

The Flour trade has again become heavy.

Monday, March 19.—There were moderate arrivals of all kinds of Grain last week, and to this morning's market there are again moderate quantities of Wheat, Barley, Beans and Pease, from Essex, Kent, and Suffolk, but not much Corn of any sort fresh in from parts more distant. There has been considerable heaviness experienced in the Wheat trade since this day se'nnight, and only superfine samples maintain last quotations; other descriptions may be reported 1s. to 2s. per quarter cheaper.

There being a good demand for Seed Barley, has occasioned an advance of full 1s. per quarter on the best malting qualities; other sorts are unaltered. Beans still meet a dull sale at last week's terms. Boiling Pease remain in the same heavy state as lately noticed. Grey Pease are unaltered; fine samples for Seed reach as high as 56s. per quarter. The Oat trade is extremely dull, and notwithstanding the appearance of improvement in the trade last Wednesday, there has been so slack a demand since, that last Monday's prices are hardly supported. In Flour no alteration.

Price on board Ship as under.

Flour, per sack	46s. — 50s.
— Seconds	42s. — 44s.
— North Country ..	40s. — 44s.

Account of Wheat, &c. arrived in the Port of London, from March 12 to March 17, both inclusive.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
Wheat ..	4,655	Tares	460
Barley ..	5,786	Linseed ..	—
Malt	5,620	Rapeseed ..	7
Oats	5,956	Brank ..	24
Beans... .	1,503	Mustard ..	8
Flour....	6,635	Flax	—
Rye....	—	Hemp ...	65
Pease....	644	Seeds ...	—
Foreign.—Oats,	1,865 ;	and Beans,	
	989 quarters.		

Monday, March 19.—The arrivals from Ireland last week were, 1,732 firkins of Butter, and 2,956 bales of Bacon; and from Foreign Ports, 3,261 casks of Butter. The Butter market continues brisk, as the stock is unusually small. Bacon is not so brisk as the preceding week, though the shippers look for advanced prices.

HOPS.

Price of Hops, per Cwt. in the Borough.

Monday, March 19.—Our Market remains much the same as last week, both in respect to price and demand.

Maidstone, March 15.—The Hop trade is particularly dull, and we have not heard of any sales being made during this last week.

Price of Bread.—The price of the 4lb. Loaf is stated at 9d. by the full-priced Bakers.

COAL MARKET, March 16.

Ships at Market. Ships sold. Price.
62½ Newcastle 21½..30s. 0d. to 38s. 0d.
24 Sunderland 12 ..32s. 6d.—39s. 6d.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, March 19.

The demand for both Beef and Mutton was dull, and the price rather lower on Friday. To-day the Beef trade was sour and heavy, the butchers being reluctant to give last Monday's prices: they were, however, obliged to submit for good things; but middling beasts barely supported the currency of this day se'nnight. There is a jump of 4d. a stone, in choice polled Sheep in the Wool, and they have rather exceeded the terms of the best Downs. The average of the market cannot, however, be quoted higher than 5s. 2d.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s. d.	s. d.
Beef	3 10	to 5 0
Mutton ...	4 0	— 5 2
Veal	5 0	— 5 8
Pork	4 8	— 5 6
Lamb	0 0	— 0 0
Beasts ..	2,409	Sheep .. 16,820
Calves ...	142	Pigs ... 135

NEWGATE, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s. d.	s. d.
Beef	3 4	to 4 4
Mutton ...	3 4	— 4 4
Veal	3 8	— 5 8
Pork	3 8	— 5 8
Lamb	0 0	— 0 0

LEADENHALL, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s. d.	s. d.
Beef ...	3 4	to 4 6
Mutton ...	3 4	— 4 4
Veal	3 8	— 5 6
Pork	4 0	— 5 6
Lamb	0 0	— 0 0

POTATOES.

SPITALFIELDS, per Ton.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>
Ox-Nobles.....	3	10	to	4
Middlings.....	3	0	—	0
Chats	2	0	—	0
Common Red..	4	0	—	0
Onions, 0s. 0d.—0s. 0d. per bush.				

BOROUGH, per Ton.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>
Ox-Nobles	3	10	to	4
Middlings.....	3	0	—	0
Chats.....	2	0	—	0
Common Red..	4	0	—	4
				5

HAY and STRAW, per Load.

Smithfield.—Hay....90s. to 110s.

Straw...34s. to 40s.

Clover. 100s. to 130s.

St. James's.—Hay.... 80s. to 126s.

Straw .. 36s. to 42s.

Clover.. 130s. to 140s.

Whitechapel.—Hay....80s. to 115s.

Straw...32s. to 38s.

Clover..90s. to 135s.

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN, sold in the Maritime Counties of England and Wales, for the Week ended March 9, 1827.

	Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.	
	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
London*.....	58	138	532	11
Essex	57	937	030	3
Kent.....	56	238	830	8
Sussex.....	53	840	329	11
Suffolk	54	134	1030	7
Cambridgeshire.....	53	033	126	7
Norfolk	53	034	829	10
Lincolnshire	54	640	131	6
Yorkshire	52	1039	228	9
Durham	54	442	931	7
Northumberland	52	037	334	0
Cumberland	59	339	236	2
Westmoreland	59	1044	036	8
Lancashire.....	59	942	434	7
Cheshire	58	351	030	11
Gloucestershire.....	58	044	740	4
Somersetshire	55	040	031	2
Monmouthshire.....	60	145	50	0
Devonshire.....	54	737	926	4
Cornwall.....	57	437	134	3
Dorsetshire	54	037	1138	0
Hampshire	54	838	10	0
North Wales	61	645	931	8
South Wales	56	540	227	0

* The London Average is always that of the Week preceding.

Bristol, March 17.—The Corn Markets here continue dull, and the supplies quite equal to the demand. Present prices about as quoted below:—Wheat, from 6s. to 7s. 9d.; Barley, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 9d.; Beans, 5s. 6d. to 8s. 3d.; Oats, 2s. 3d. to 4s. 1½d.; and Malt, 6s. to 8s. per bushel, Imperial. Flour, Seconds, 34s. to 44s. per bag.

Chelmsford, March 16.—The prices of Grain at our market this day as under:—White Wheat, 62s. to 68s.; Red ditto, 56s. to 60s.; Barley, 36s. to 40s.; Oats, 29s. to 35s.; Beans, tick, 46s. to 48s.; Pease, Grey, 49s. to 51s. per quarter.

Derby, March 17.—We had a good show of samples of Grain at this day's market, both from farmers and factors, but the millers not being in immediate want caused the sale of all sorts to be rather heavy, and prices in general rather lower, say from 2s. to 3s. per quarter.

Guildford, March 17.—Wheat, new, for mealing, 15*l.* to 16*l.* 15*s.* per load. Barley, 37*s.* to 41*s.*; Oats, 32*s.* to 40*s.*; Beans, 55*s.* to 58*s.*; Pease, grey, 60*s.* to 62*s.*; ditto, boilers, 62*s.* to 64*s.* per quarter. Tares, 12*s.* per bushel.

Horncastle, March 17.—Our market this day for Barley was rather higher; other articles something lower.—Wheat, from 54*s.* to 57*s.*; Barley, 36*s.* to 42*s.*; Oats, 30*s.* to 36*s.*; Beans, 50*s.* to 55*s.*; and Rye from 40*s.* to 42*s.* per quarter.

Ipswich, March 17.—We had to-day a remarkably short supply of all Spring Corn, and not much Wheat. Prices were as follow:—Wheat, 52*s.* to 64*s.*; Barley, 33*s.* to 39*s.*; Beans, 44*s.* to 46*s.*; and Pease, 48*s.* per quarter.

Manchester, March 17.—There has been very little business transacted in the Corn Trade during the week, and prices giving way. At our market to-day, Wheat of fine quality met with purchasers at a decline of 3*d.* per bushel of 70 lbs. Oats have been dull in sale, at ½*d.* to 1*d.* per bushel less than the prices of last week. Flour dull sale, and 6*d.* to 1*s.* per sack lower. In Beans, Barley, Pease, and Malt, no alteration can be noted, but each article remains dull.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, March 17.—We had again a large supply of Wheat from the farmers, with further arrivals coastwise, at this morning's market, the sale of which was dull at a decline of 2*s.* per quarter from the prices of last week. Rye continues in demand at fully last week's prices. The market is again bare of malting Barley, and an advance of 1*s.* per quarter has been obtained, but the demand is very limited. We had a large supply of Oats from the farmers, and the prices were rather lower, excepting fresh samples of seed, which were sold at the same prices as last week.

Norwich, March 17.—The supply of all Grain to-day was exceedingly limited, notwithstanding Wheat declined 1*s.* per quarter.

Reading, March 17.—We had a very short supply of Wheat this day, which met a ready sale on much the same terms as last week. Old Wheat, 57*s.* to 68*s.*; New, 55*s.* to 68*s.* per quarter by the Imperial measure. The quantity of Barley pitched was very small, it was quickly taken off at last week's prices. In Oats, Beans, and Pease, no alteration. Flour 45*s.* per sack.

Wakefield, March 16.—We have a large supply of Wheat here this morning, and the Flour trade being in a heavy state, the trade has been very dull, at a decline of 1*s.* per quarter, and some quantity remains unsold. The supply of Barley very short, at an advance of 6*d.* to 1*s.* per quarter.

COUNTRY CATTLE AND MEAT MARKETS, &c.

Horncastle, March 17.—Beef, 8s. per stone of 14 lbs.; Mutton, 7d. ; Pork 6d. to 7d. ; and Veal, 7d. to 8d. per lb. .

At Morpeth Market, March 14, there were a good many Cattle; inferior stood long and were not sold. There being a short supply of Sheep, fat met with a ready sale; prices much the same.—Beef, 5s. 9d. to 6s. 6d.; and Mutton, 7s. to 8s. per stone, sinking offal.

Manchester Smithfield Market, March 14.—Our market to-day was well attended, and fat Beef and Mutton were fully $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. dearer than last week, with brisk sale, while the lean sorts were neglected. Calves and Pigs were not quite so brisk in sale as last week.—Beef, 5d. to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. ; Mutton, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 8d. ; Veal, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 7d. ; and Pork, 5d. to 6d. per lb. sinking offal.

Norwich Castle Meadow, March 17.—We had a very large supply of fat Cattle to this day's market; many were bought for Smithfield, and several lots remained unsold, prices 7s. 6d. to 8s. per stone of 14 lbs. sinking offal; Store Stock was also in good supply; Scots sold at 3s. 9d. to 4s. per stone of 14 lbs. ; the best here, of about 56 lbs. when fat, selling at 11l. 4s. ; Shorthorns only a few here, and those inferior at 3s.; Cows and Calves, also Homebreds, selling very badly, in consequence of the scarcity of keeping. A very small number of Sheep penned; Shearlings 24s. to 28s.; fat ones to 37s.; Hoggets, 16s. to 24s. Meat: Beef, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. ; Veal, 6d. to 8d.; Mutton, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 7d., Lamb, 10d. ; and Pork, 5d. to 8d. per lb.

END OF VOL. LXI.